

SULTRY

VOL. 1 NO. 1 CN \$1.25

A GAMBLER AT HEART

**JUST AN
OLD FASHIONED GIRL**

JAPAN... SEX CENTER OF
THE UNIVERSE

**SULTRY SEA
SAFARI**

I TRY TO BE SEXY

**BOTTLE
BABY**

SALE TO
MINORS
FORBIDDEN



BOTTLE BABY

SHE'S CRAZY ABOUT THE LONG NARROW ONES, BUT SHE LIKES THE STUBBY ONES SOMETIMES, TOO.



Sandra is quite a boozier, but liquor is not her weakness. No, this isn't a riddle, for Sandra's true weakness is bottles and glasses and other cylindrical things.

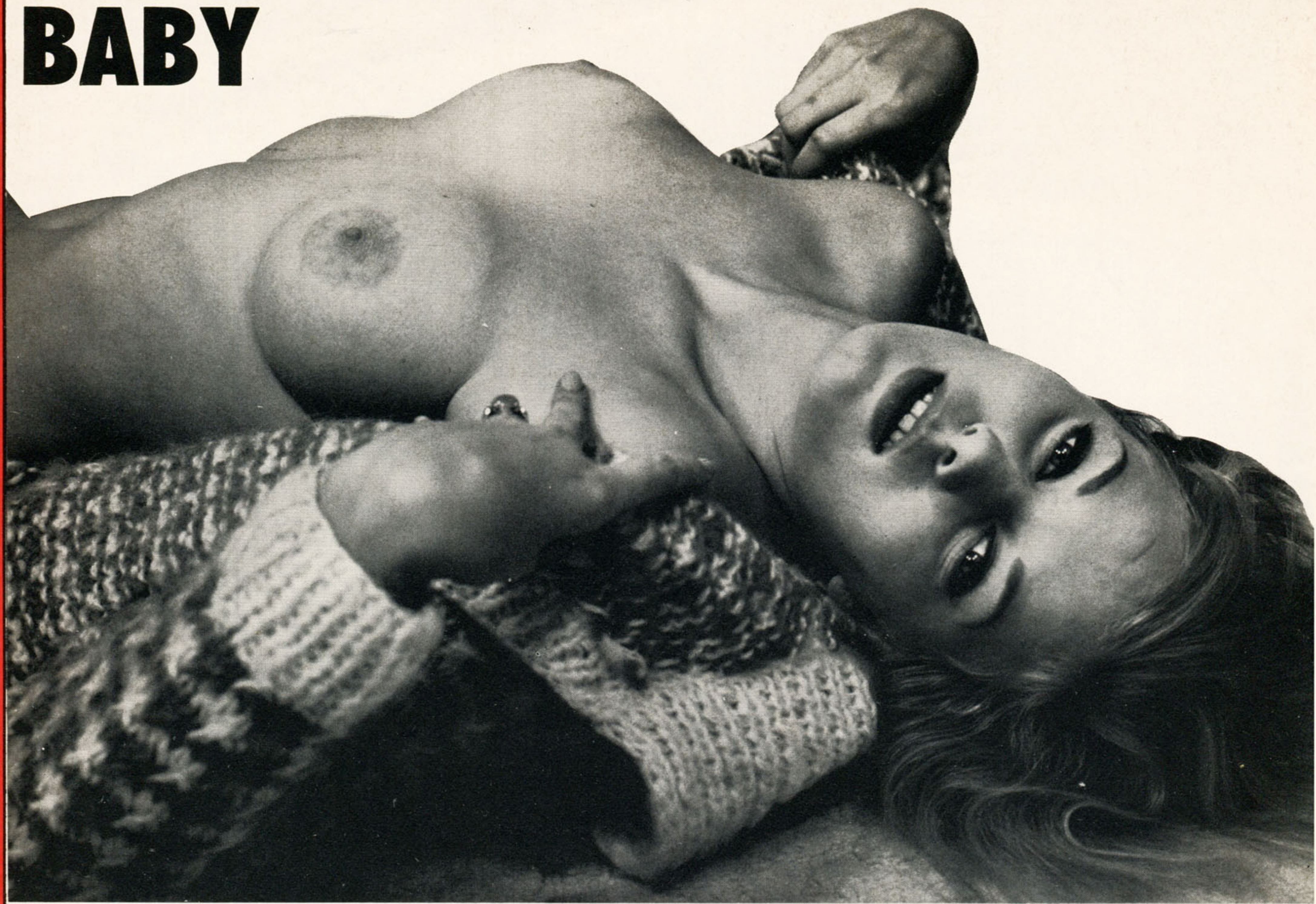
Recently she moved into a new furnished apartment with a terrific bar setup. It was the bar that made her decide on the place, for the moment she saw it she knew it was the perfect place to indulge her proclivities.

As soon as she moved in, she ran out to the department store and loaded up with glasses of all sizes and shapes . . . but mostly long and narrow. She admits, however, that she likes the feeling of the stubby ones in her hand now and then as well.

MERE ALCOHOL DOESN'T PHAZE HER AT ALL...IT'S THE GLASSWARE IT COMES IN.



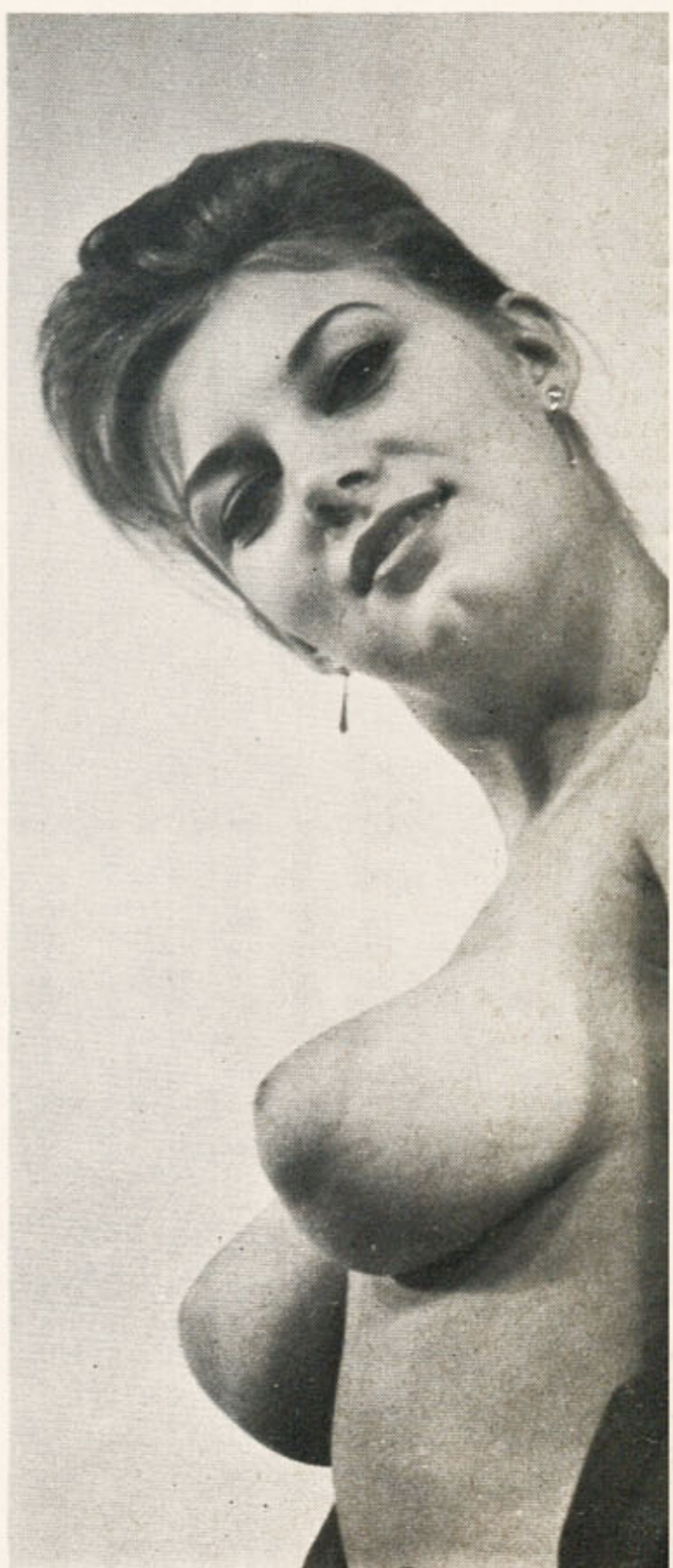
BABY



When she had bought all her glasses she found she had no money left for the bottles to go with them. So she invited all of her boy-friends to come over with a bottle. Of course, she played it smart and invited them one at a time. She had a kind of individual house warming for each of them.

Each, of course, being a gentleman, left his contribution when he went his way, and now Sandra has a collection of about a dozen bottles.

Now she walks around the house with a glass or a bottle in her hand all the time. She says it feels good.





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DEVIL IS A WOMAN

~ TOUGH AS A BOARD AND HOT AS A FIRECRACKER, SHE NEEDS A LOT OF MAN TO HANDLE HER.

DEVIL

Lil is a throwback from a bygone era, she says.

"I was born either too late or too soon," she told our interviewer. "Today a woman is supposed to be soft. A sex-pot is not a red hot mama like Sophy Tucker any more. She is something cuddly and devious like Jayne Mansfield.

"But not me. The way I see it, a sexy woman is half devil, half satyr, all wrapped up in a female package. Or, to put it inversely, devil is a woman."

Lil makes no bones about her feelings. She's the come-on-strong kind of woman. She's a lot of female with a fiery red temper, and it takes a lot of man to handle her.





BEDROOM BALLOT

He'd auditioned for a lot
of gigs before, but
this was the first one
between the sheets.

The old man blew out while we
were playing a prom date in the Ore-
gon country. He did it in style, stand-
ing out there in front of the band
with his horn tilted toward the sky
wailing a hot lick from 1938 while

BEDROOM BALLOT

the band was swingin' like a Nike Zeus. His hair was grey and his cheeks were pushed out. He didn't miss a note. He just ended a phrase with that little up-squeak of his and fell.

Frankie leaped from the sax section. I had to scramble down from the brass. Frankie had the Old Man's head on his lap. The band cut off behind us when the cats saw what had happened. The Old Man had a dated horn but he had a swingin' ear. We loved him.

"Get back on the stand," the Old Man gasped, trying to raise his head. His face was wild purple and his breath came in tortured, grabbing heaves.

"Sure, Dad," Frankie said. "We'll just get you out of the way first. When we start swingin' you might be buried in the fallout." This brought a grin from the Old Man. He tried to say something and clutched his chest. Out front, the box and sox were finally waking up. I guess it was because the music had stopped. Even a college kid with his best in his arms comes out of it when the music stops. Some cat vaulted into the stage and leaned over my shoulder. He shook his head and introduced himself as a member of the University Medical Staff. He made Frankie and me carry the Old Man into the wings.

"There's an ambulance on the way," the doctor cat said. He had a metronome in his head, shaking, shaking.

The Old Man tried to sit up. He was against cutting out in the middle of a job. He tried to talk and there was only a groan. It sounded like the last bar in the score. "The blues," the Old Man managed after two or three tries. "Play me the blues." The way he said it we knew we wouldn't have to play the blues for him much longer.

"Proceed," the College doc said. We went to the stand. Since Frankie was sitting in the front row he gave the guys the word. Frankie and I were the oldest members of the band, not in age, like, but in time done with the Old Man. We started wailing. It was a thing I'd written for the band, blues as the Old Man loved it, with a few kicks here and there. When the Old Man's break came up there was silence out front, just the rhythm banging away. It was damned lonely.

The Old Man had bought it when we finished. We called intermission and passed the word around and you would have thought the word was

onion juice. Those cats were swingers. You can dig any of them with the small groups on the little cool labels. Critic type junk on the shuck of their records will be saying third steam and soul and all that jazz, but they had just one place to swing. That was with the Old Man, with his 1938 horn out front sometimes not even being played because the Old Man's swingin' ear was tuned to the band, loving it, even if he couldn't play it.

We played the blues. We played it low and dirty because that's the way the old men loved it, the way he played it way back when. Then on the bus we talked about it. We talked about the Old Man and what he would have wanted. We decided that he would have wanted us to keep the band together.

"We owe the Old Man that much," we all agreed.

"There's just one problem," Shelton Orley said. "Who's gonna be the leader, like?"

"Frankie," I said immediately.

"Pete," Frankie said at the same time. That's me.

It came out just like that. I said it without stopping to think that I wanted that stick more than anything in the world. I'd dreamed about it since I was blowing cornet with the marching band in Junior High. When it came up, I said, "Frankie." I threw it away just like that because I loved Frankie like a brother or because, maybe, the Old Man's shoes were about as big as a Bird solo.

"Well," Shelton said, "I agree with the choices. Next to me I think that you cats can do it best." He was joking about that. He wouldn't have touched that stick with a ten foot brush. "We'll take a vote, like."

I didn't like the idea of a popularity contest, but we did it. We had eighteen pieces. I voted for myself. I had made my goodwill gesture for the night. I wanted that stick. I got nine votes.

"Well, ring-a-ding-doo," Shelton said. "You cats will have to like fist fight for it."

"Cut that jazz," Frankie said.

"Deal," I said, handing out new voting slips.

My conscience hurt me because it ain't like exactly swingin' to vote for one's self. I wrote Frankie's name that time and I got nine votes. I looked at Frankie and we grinned.

"We oughta ship you out to Lawrence Welk," I told him.

"Go lose yourself in a forest of fig trees," he said. He'd done the same thing I did, voted for himself, then switched.

"This is swingin'," Shelton said. "Let's do it until we run out of paper."

I thought about Laura. I was surprised that no one had thought of her before because she was something to think about. "Hey wait," I yelled. "We got us a deciding vote. We got Laura."

"Who has?" someone yelled from the back of the bus and that brought a snicker because, aside from being the wildest singer since Sarah, Laura was the Old Man's. She was his other weakness. Laura and the blues. She was sitting out the gig back in L.A. with a tight throat.

"Wild," Frankie agreed. We went to sleep. At least some of us went to sleep. I sat there with Laura and the leader's stick mixing it up in my head and they went together like Strayhorn and Ellington. Laura liked leaders. She didn't like anyone but leaders. It was like an insecurity complex. She'd kept a couple of jobs by liking leaders while she was singing straight, before she began to develop that knocked out style of hers. The Old Man heard her and she didn't have to do anything but wail to hold that job but the Old Man finally gave in to her complex. At first all he wanted to give her was a singin' backing and a good arrangement, but Laura thought more was required and even though the Old Man didn't operate that way he finally gave in to the lovely inevitability of Laura's admiration for leaders.

While the bus bounced along toward the big town I thought about it all, Laura and the leader's stick, and I wanted that band more than ever. If Laura still had that thing about leaders, I wouldn't object.

We hit town in the dead of it and we sacked out in a hotel. I caught about three hours before I pulled Frankie out of bed. We took a cab to Laura's apartment. She was wearing a soft house coat of some kind and it didn't damage the contours in the slightest. She invited us in. She looked soft and cuddly with her eyes not wide awake and her hair this way and that but mostly in a pony tail.

"He was a great guy," she said, when we told her about the Old Man. That was her longest speech of the day. Laura didn't talk much. She sang
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BOSOM BUDDIES

Luckily for them, they both wear the same size bra. They share that, too.

Carla and Marla are the best of friends. They share an apartment along Hollywood's posh sunset strip, and both of them work as cocktail waitresses in one of the livelier nightspots nearby.





They are such good friends that they share everything . . . clothes, food, car . . . even boyfriends.

For instance, our photographer had a date one night recently with Marla (she's the blonde). When he got to their apartment he was met by Carla. Seems Marla had been suddenly called in by the boss on her night off, and Carla was doubling for her. Our man was not in the least disappointed. After all, one's as good as the other.

The girls' favorite pastime is admiring one another. Both, as you can see, have beautiful bodies, and they like to do a strip tease for one another, each one applauding as the other bares another delectable inch.

They're the friendliest roommates we've ever seen.





Maybe we should have called it a "see" safari, because we surely did see a lot ... a lot of skin, that is.

This being summer, and writers being romantic types, the editors hereof decided one day recently to vacate our Hollywood offices in favor of the open sea. We decided to goof off a day and take a charter trip to Catalina, a little island about 20 miles or so off the Los Angeles coast.

Well, naturally, we didn't



SULTRY SEA SAFARI

IT WAS A FEAST FOR THE EYES AND A TEST FOR THE NERVES.

SAFARI



WE HAVE A PREFERENCE FOR PEELED TOMATOES.

WHO NEEDS A BATHING SUIT WHEN THE OCEAN IS SO BIG?



SEA SAFARI

want to go alone. So we recruited as many young love-lies from our office building as could make up an excuse for their bosses. We finally got together about a half dozen of them and took off.

Mind you, this was no working day . . . we were off on a lark. But it's a good thing we had our cameras along, because these plain old secretaries turned out to be the peelingest frills we have ever encountered.

We told them all to bring their bathing suits for a little off-the-deck swimming, but none of them seemed to care about things like that. First one, then another, then another peeled right out of her clothing for a dip in the altogether. Needless to say, the office staff of hungry men were beside themselves with joy.

By the time we had reached our destination, every one of them was down to her skin and romping with glee. We had to steer clear of the other boats in the harbor for fear of being arrested. It was downright embarrassing.

Like hell, it was.

By the time we got back to the yacht harbor at San Pedro it was nightfall, and we were all exhausted. The boys and the girls alike. The girls were tired from prancing around all day and making like naked savages; the boys were tired of containing themselves in the presence of all that feminine pulchritude.

So we all went home and slept it off.





JAPAN... SEX CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

THE NEW FREE-SWING- ING PLAYGIRL VIES WITH TRADITIONAL GEISHA HOUSES FOR THE ATTENTIONS OF AMERICAN TOURISTS.

The time honored aroma of sex hangs heavy over cosmopolitan Japan. Japan has gone ultra-sophisticated and brought all her special bawdy attributes with her.

"Ikirul" (Live, man, live!) — is the cry. And it doesn't much matter how you want to live it up; you can do it in any of many ways.

The downtown area of Tokyo, known as the *Ginza* Strip, gets the most publicity in American magazines. They say it is bawdy, and it is. But more than that, it is brassy, with bright neon signs blazing, bands playing and strippers stripping. If you want real bawdiness, you go to one of the lower class areas.

Few Americans ever venture to the seedier areas, because the *Ginza* offers them so much. Besides the wild shows on stage and the good liquor at moderate prices, the area is filled with beautiful girls, some of whom are strictly out for kicks. There is a new brand of reckless young playgirl who doesn't mince words about sex... and she isn't necessarily interested in money. Many of them come from wealthy or semi-wealthy families and are the farthest thing from common streetwalkers.

If a Japanese playgirl likes you, you may get the works for nothing, and they like Americans. The works can be a weekend at her pad or an overnight stay in a little inn.

Sex is a ritual, in Japan, that begins in a tub... not a bathtub as we know it here in America, but a sort of scaled down swimming pool. As your *Ginza* playgirl drops into the deep, intimate Japanese tub with you, you wonder where you have been all your life. Next to you is a golden, voluptuous, delicate and stark naked bundle of femininity, the likes of which you can find nowhere else.

And all this is relatively free — if the Japanese playgirl likes you. More-
CONTINUED



ARTICLE BY ROBERT S. CONROY

SEX CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

over, looks and money have little to do with it. A middle-aged businessman on a moderate expense account has as much chance as a TV idol.

What you are likely to get is a session in the tub, another on the *futon* Japanese quilt before sleeping, at least one during the night, and one in the morning. And brother, if you are up to that, regardless of your age, go to Japan and find yourself a playgirl.

Japanese girls are just now being released from 20 centuries of *oku sama* (back room wife) bondage. They are blatantly sick of the old ways, in which they were chattels, and they are free-wheeling, high-fashioned, man-tempting femme fatales who seem to live for titillation. There are at least a million of them in Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto and a few other towns. Some of them live off inheritances, others work, still others are supported by their daddies. Some mourn GI husbands who took off without them after the Korean war, but all of them are out for fun.

The shy Japanese girls of "Madam Butterfly" are no more. It is said that they know sixty traditional ways of making love and experiment with another ninety. They aren't interested in birth control, because abortion costs about \$10, is perfectly safe in the well-staffed hospitals and, above all, it's legal.

But these girls are not professional, and for the man who demands professional perfection, that is available too. The prices range from \$15 up to about \$60.

Now, you might ask, why pay if you can go free? The answer is, of course, that if you pay you get what you pay for. If you want to bask in personal titillation without giving a thought to satisfying your partner, the professional girl is for you. She expects nothing from you but money.

Japanese businessmen who want this kind of action go to the *Yoshiwara* district, where they don't cater to tourists, and pay as much as \$200 for the privilege.

A Japanese businessman might take a deserving client to the *Yoshiwara* much as an American businessman takes a good client to an expensive nightclub. The fact that sex is involved does not bother the open-minded Nippons. They have no prudery. It isn't dirty there. It's an art.

For the wealthy Nippon, an expensive night in the *Yoshiwara* begins with a dinner served in the Geisha house of his choice. The foods are



On the semier side of Japanese life are the amusement areas known as *Asakusa* and *Shtinjuku* in Tokyo. Rarely viewed by tourists and disdained by the high class natives, these are the lower income streets for ordinary Japanese. Tourist agencies cauphrodisiac in quality... or at least everybody acknowledges them to be. After the meal, which may last as long as three hours, with a separate Geisha waitress for each man, there is a little drinking and bathing, and finally, the man and his Geisha hit the sack.

And the beauty of it all is that the Japanese businessman's wife accepts his occasional journeys to the *Yoshiwara* district as part of being a Japanese man. Can you imagine any American wife acting that way? Or, for that matter, can you imagine any American city having the equivalent of the *Yoshiwara*? The establishments there are reminiscent of the aristocratic brothels which once dotted Paris, and presently are the only ones of their kind in the entire world.

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**SHE CAN'T TAKE
THESE MASOCHISTIC MEN.
SHE'S THE SUBMISSIVE
TYPE, AND SHE DOESN'T
LIKE TO PLAY DIRTY.**

TOO SWEET TO BE MEAN



Terry's got an awful problem. She keeps running into men who want her to be mean to them, but she can't. She's too sweet to be mean.

She tries to be careful about the kind of man she dates. Yet it keeps happening over and over again. She

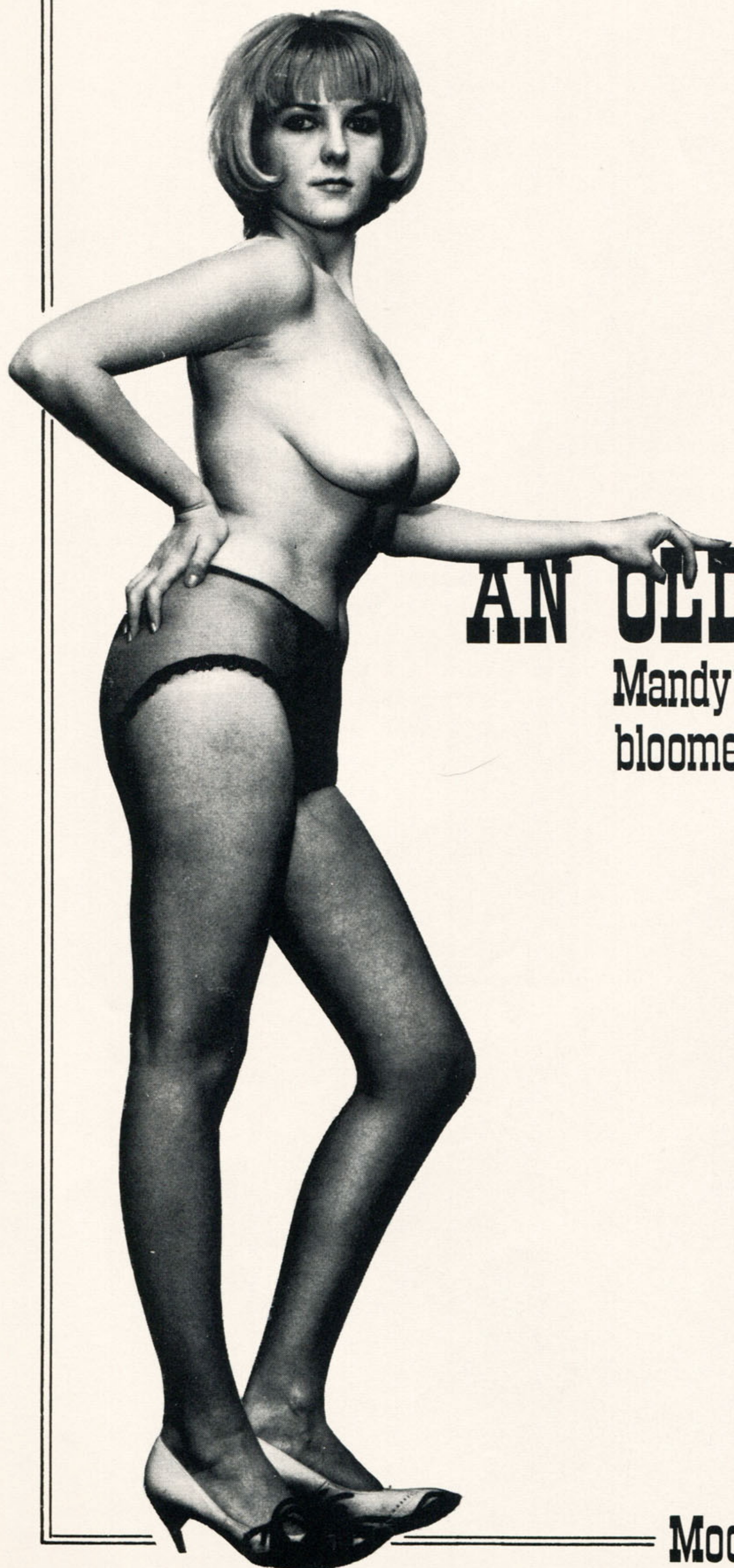




thinks she's going out with a plain, ordinary fellow, and first thing she knows he's asking her to pinch him where it hurts or slap his face or punch him in the nose.

She's getting sick and tired of this sort of thing. She's too sweet to be mean, and she wants the kind of man who will appreciate her.





AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

Mandy's too modest to pose with her bloomers on...so she takes them off.

Amanda has a name perfectly befitting her personality, because she's as old fashioned as her monicker.

Mandy's taste in furnishings is obvious in these pictures. It runs to couches from the Roaring Twenties, dark woods, period pieces and sculptured marble.

Her taste in suitors runs largely the same. Her ideal man will wear a handle-bar mustache and a derby, perhaps even spats. He'll carry a cane, a pocket watch and a gold toothpick.

Mandy herself is the picture of victorian maidenhood. Shy and retiring, she would never speak to a man unless he spoke to her first, and she makes a strict rule

Modesty is her greatest virtue.

OLD FASHIONED



of never posing for a photographer in her bloomers.

She is, however, very proud of her bust measurements, and wears very low-cut gowns, as was the style in the Gay Nineties.

She feels a little out of place in today's immodest world, but she realizes she must live with it. So she grins and bears it.



ALONE ON A DIRTY RUG

HER BOYFRIEND WENT AND LEFT HER.
SHE'LL TAKE ANY ONE THAT HAPPENS
TO COME ALONG.





PASSION IN THE PITS

HE HAD TO WIN THIS RACE... THERE WAS A BIG BUNDLE OF LOVE WAITING IF HE DID. FICTION BY CARL DOBINSKY

Her eager breasts thrust tautly against the oil stained track suit as the Jaguar screamed into a tight bend. Grasping the bucking steering wheel with both hands, Steve stole a quick peek at Sonia's twin attractions. He wiped a sweating hand across his face and swallowed hard. Forcing his eyes away he concentrated on the winding ribbon of mountain road streaming ahead.

"Branch left at the next intersection . . . it's three miles to the re-fuelling depot."

Steve acknowledged his co-driver's instructions with a nod. Throwing the shuddering machine into a tight left-hander he heard the tires scream in tortured protest. The road suddenly straightened.

"Only two hundred miles left, honey. Luigi must be over an hour behind. All set for that honeymoon in Rio?"

Glancing up from the route-card for a quick instant Sonia smiled. Her eyes were sparkling.

"I can't wait."

Rising to a whistling shriek, the engine hit peak revs as Steve dropped down a gear to negotiate a fast corner. Sonia grabbed the crash handle as the car drifted through in a brutal controlled powerslide.

Steve grinned to himself as he saw her breasts flatten tautly under the rasping pull of the safety harness. Even at 150 miles an hour he found her body exciting.

The white Jaguar clung to the road as he roared down the left branch. A group of Mexican villagers waved as the racing car hurled past in a flurry of spitting grit and flying stones. Steve raised a hand in salute.

"They've probably been waiting hours to see the winner of the Pan-Americana go by — and it's all over

in a second! That's what I call real enthusiasm."

"Better start slowing down, honey . . . we're near the depot."

Cursing under his breath Steve watched the fuel indicator flickering on zero.

"Hope we make it soon — we're nearly out of gas!"

"Do we change wheels this time?"

Steve shook his head. "Nope — the tires'll last out the last stage. This is just a fuel stop — it's an unmanned depot so we'll have to tank up ourselves."

Standing in the shadow of a small wooden shack two men watched the racer approaching, the sun glistening on the waiting fuel cans.

"I thought you said this was an unmanned depot?"

Steve frowned and shrugged. "That's right . . . guess they must be some enthusiasts wanting a closer

look ."

Almost before the car had stopped he had snapped off the safety-belt and leaped out. Flicking back the streamlined cover of the gas tank he seized a drum of fuel.

His ears still rang with the deafening blast of the wind and exhaust roar. Sonia's sudden scream seemed a hundred miles away.

Tearing the air again her anguished cry penetrated his dazed brain like a searing knife. Twisting round he found a well-oiled rifle pointing at his navel. The dirty, unshaven Mexican holding it was grinning.

"Don't do anything foolish, *senor*," he warned.

Looking towards the car Steve could see the other bandit hauling Sonia out of the cockpit. Squirming wildly as his hands slid over her body searching for a grip she let out a shrill squeal of pain as he scooped her up out of the seat.

He relaxed his hold with a snarl of rage as her foot lashed back and, breaking free, she made a mad rush to the car. Swinging her around sharply his fist lashed at her face with brutal force.

Taking advantage of the confusion as she slumped to the ground Steve slung the heavy churn of gasoline at the other bandit and leapt into the

cockpit. His thumb was poised over the starter button as he sensed the blow and he ducked instinctively — but it was too late. The monkey wrench thudded against the back of his neck with bone shattering force and his brain seemed to explode in a kaleidoscope of colored stars.

Opening his eyes gingerly, he winced as the pain stabbed the back of his skull. Moving slowly on his bound wrists he stared around the gloomy interior of the shack as the mists rolled away from his brain.

Suddenly as saw Sonia!

Her wrists had been dragged behind her back and roped tightly together. Bound against a wooden upright supporting the sagging tin roof of the hovel she stared down with anxious eyes.

"Are you okay, Steve?"

"Sure — sure." He winced as the bruise on his neck started throbbing again.

"What do they want, darling . . . what's going on?"

Her eyes were big and frightened. Steve felt sorry for the kid.

"I . . . guess they want us out of the race," he suggested.

"But who'd do a thing like this — surely none of the other drivers would hire kidnappers just to win?"

"Luigi Mariolla would . . . no trick is too dirty for him!"

He saw Sonia's face go suddenly white.

"Luigi — but why? He still wants to marry me. . . ."

"And that's the reason! He knows I've got to win that fifty grand for first spot — or there's no wedding. Guess he figures you'll cool off me if I can't even raise the ring . . ."

"Steve . . . you don't think I'd . . ."

He was grinning up at her frightened face.

"Of course not! I know you better than that — but the point is *Luigi* doesn't. He's rich — he's got everything money can buy — and he figures that money can buy him a wife just like anything else. But only if the competition is removed."

"But, darling, we've got to win."

"The *senorita* is wrong!"

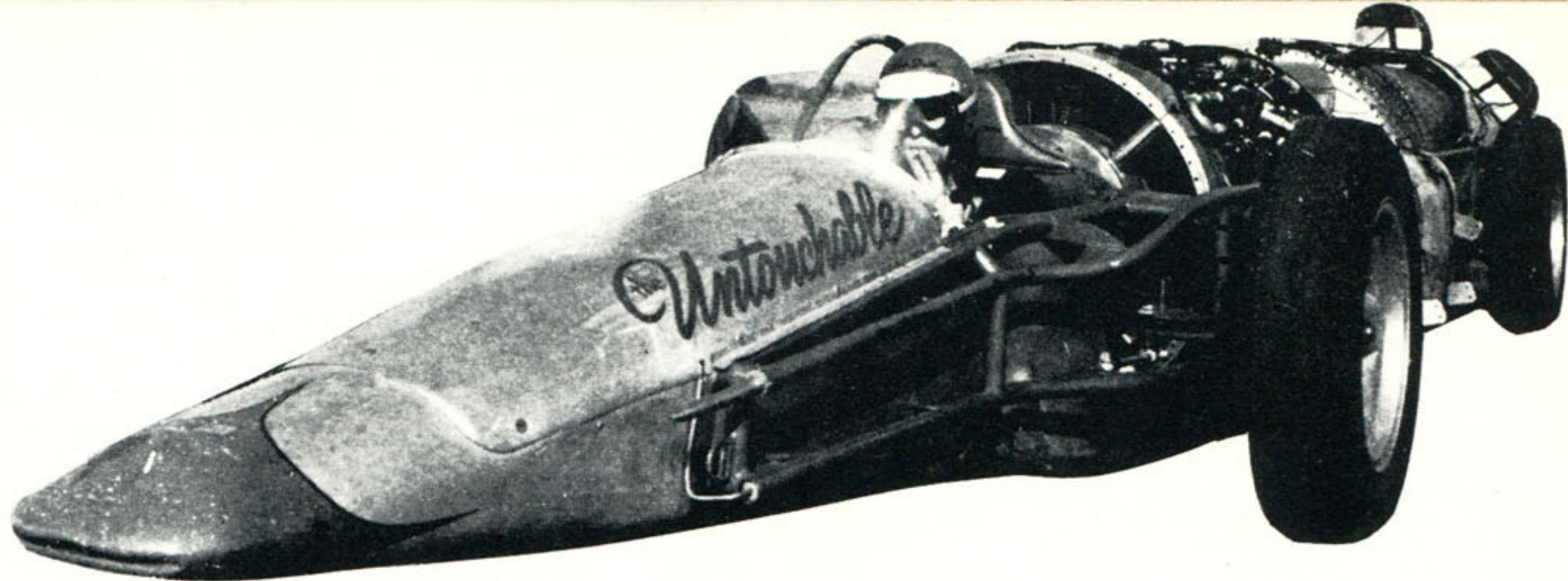
Holding the rifle carelessly in his hands the paunchy unshaven Mexican was grinning at them as he stepped inside the hut. "The *senorita* is wrong because I, Carlos Delgado, say that you will not win!"

Steve glared at him with angry eyes.

"How long do you figure to keep us on ice?" he demanded.

Spreading his hands expressively
CONTINUED





Carlos showed his stained teeth in an evil smile.

"Until Senor Mariolla is one hour ahead, my friend."

"You won't get away with it — they know we were leading at the last control. If we don't clock-in three hours time they'll come looking for us!"

Carlos shrugged. Leaning his rifle against the wall he walked across to the girl.

"Your car is safely hidden, senor — Benny has seen to it. No one will find you until it is too late, and by then we will have gone!"

"And if I tell them what happened?"

Carlos shrugged.

"Who would believe a crazy story like that," he said.

His fingers were toying with the zipper down the front of Sonia's racing-suit. She twisted away and he looked up grinning.

"The senorita is shy?"

Digging his elbows into the floor Steve levered himself and tried to sit upright. His eyes glittered in anger.

"Take your filthy hands off her!"

Doubling over with pain he gasped for air as Carlos slammed his boot at him. Glancing down with a twisting sneer the bandit returned to the cowering girl. He took the tag of the zipper in his fingers and began to slide it down slowly, enjoying the glazed fear in Sonia's eyes as the fastener inched open.

She shuddered as the racing-suit split open to the waist to reveal the taut curves of white flesh above her brassiere.

"Leave her alone! You know Luigi's orders. The girl must not be harmed!"

Turning his head Steve found another man had entered the hut. He was tall and slim, wearing tight fitting black leather breeches, with a holstered gun hanging on his hip. Carlos gaped at the newcomer, his mouth twitching nervously.

"I was only playing, Manuel . . . I meant her no harm . . ."

Stepping across to the bound girl Manuel ripped the zip shut and Sonia's eyes flickered with thankful relief. Turning to Carlos he stepped

towards him and slashed his hand across the bandit's face.

"If Luigi knew about this . . ."

Holding a hand up to his cut lips the fat little Mexican dropped back on the wall mumbling excuses. His eyes rolled in terror.

"It was hot . . . I meant no harm . . ."

A long barrelled revolver appeared in Manuel's hand. Edging round the shack to clear Sonia from the line of fire he prodded the weapon forward.

"If you touch her again you get a gut full of lead . . . that should cool you off! Remember Luigi's orders. No killing, no games, nothing . . ."

With the perspiration dripping on his bloated face Carlos nodded. He licked his lips and nodded towards the girl.

"But it would do no harm just to play a little, eh? . . ."

Steve could see the gunman's finger tightening on the trigger. He waited for the shattering blast. A sudden violent explosion rocked the hut leaving his ears ringing from the impact.

Wiping a limp hand across his glistening forehead steadied himself against the wall for a moment. Regaining his nerve he walked across the room and prodded Manuel's body with his foot. He grinned at the bearded man standing in the doorway — a still-smoking rifle cradled in his arms.

"Nice work, Benny. I should have done it myself a few hours ago when I had the chance!"

Stepping across the sprawled corpse he closed in on the terrified girl. Her face white with shock at the brutal killing, her numbed brain unaware of Carlos' presence. Steve guessed what was in the Mexican's twisted mind.

"Luigi will kill you if you touch her!"

The bandit turned round grinning.

"But he will not see, senor! Only you will see and that will not matter — you will die soon!"

Sonia's scream echoed round the hut and Steve felt the sweat trickling down his face. Fighting down the surge of panic he tried another angle.

"The money — Luigi won't pay if."

Carlos spat on the ground and reached out his hands towards the cringing girl. Glancing over his shoulder he leered down at Steve's sweat dewed face.

"There is no money now, senor. Manuel had it hidden away — Luigi paid him in advance. Now I must take my payment some other way." Twisting violently Sonia sobbed as the Mexican ripped the zip down to her waist with a quick jerk.

"For G— sake leave her alone!"

Spitting blood from his bruised lips Steve caved over as Carlos' foot slammed into his face. His brain reeled and a wave of nausea swept through his body. His blurred eyes could see the two Mexicans pawing at the screaming girl. Suddenly everything went black and he pitched forward on to his blood-smeared face.

Sonia's anguished whimpers gradually focussed in his brain and Steve shook his head to throw off the ringing sounds buzzing in his ears. Gritting his teeth he crawled forward painfully on his red-raw elbows dragging the dead weight of his bound legs across the rotting planks of the floor.

There was a sharp slapping sound and the girl's breath hissed under the stinging blow. Carlos shouted something in Spanish and Steve heard Sonia gasp in horror.

Forcing his unwilling body forward he peered round the packing-case that had been obstructing his view. He felt suddenly sick.

Sprawled on the ground, her golden hair spreading like a halo in the dust, Sonia's head rolled from side to side on the filthy floor. She was completely naked and great shuddering spasms chased up her body as Carlos got back on his feet. The bandit was grinning across at his companion.

"Better collect *your* wages too, Benny . . ." he giggled.

Getting up from the chair the other Mexican moved across to the quivering girl. She screamed.

The shrill whine of a racing engine crescendoed outside the hut and the tires screeched under the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



I TRY TO BE SEXY

SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE SHE HAS ENOUGH OF WHAT NATURE GAVE HER, SO SHE'S IMPROVING ON IT.

"I try to be sexy, but somehow it doesn't seem to come off. At least, that's the way it appears to me.

"My boyfriends tell me I'm sexy enough. But maybe I have an inferiority complex or something, because I never believe them, no matter how hard I try.

"One day I prevailed upon one of my boyfriends to give me some tips on how to be sexy. I figured he knew as well as anybody, because he had the thickest black book I ever saw.

SHE THINKS SHE'S LOSING THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE.



SHE WIGGLES WHEN SHE WALKS, SHE GIGGLES WHEN SHE TALKS, BUT SHE STILL THINKS SHE'S SEXLESS.







"Well, he told me to concentrate on making an "O" with my lips. He told me to speak in pear-shaped tones, and when I'm not speaking, to hold my mouth in a slightly open pucker, as if I were about to kiss the person with me. Naturally, I was only supposed to do that when I was with a man, because a woman might get the wrong idea.

"I tried that for awhile, but without any startling results, so I asked another fellow his opinion.

"He told me to wear shiny black capri pants, as tight as I could get them, to enhance my curves. I did that for awhile, and it got me a lot of stares on the street, but it didn't do me any good with the fellows I was dating. You can't wear capri pants when you go out in the evening.

"Still another guy told me to wear unusual panties, such as the ones that say 'hot' on them or have some screwy design. I didn't see how that could help me, but he added that I was supposed to swish my skirts when I got up or sat down or got out of a car so that my companion would get a glimpse.

"That sounded like a pretty fair plan, but whenever I swished, my fellow seemed to be looking the other way. I gave up on that finally, because it took too much coordination.

"Just the other day another guy told me I should carry my arms forward and sort of pressed in to my sides at all times to enhance the size of my bosom. I haven't tried it yet, but if the other ideas are any criterion, it won't work. I guess I'll never be sexy, no matter how hard I try.



FAGVILL U.S.A.

Hollywood has been called a variety of cute names, such as Tinsel Town, Movieland, Glitter Alley, etc. I call it Fagville.

When Johnny Carson brought his television show out here last winter he managed to get in at least one joke per performance about the pansies roaming the streets. The nation chuckled over these sly cracks, but the locals knew every remark was true.

Hollywood is a fag town. They come here from all over the country to be with one another. Moreover, ninety per cent of them live in an area roughly a mile square on the gentle slopes north of Sunset Boulevard. Here the homosexuals outnumber "straight" people, and the police call it Homo Hill.

Every city has its homosexual quarter. But nowhere else in the world is there an area where the normal are in the minority. Portions of Hollywood (which itself is just a portion of Los Angeles) constitute self-imposed ghettos of homosexuals. The difference between this kind of ghetto and the racial or ethnic kind is that it doesn't show on the surface.

In the previous issue of this magazine there appeared a "shocking" story about a group of homosexuals in Portland, Oregon. What shocked Portland police was the fact that a group of queers were openly recruiting young boys to their ranks, holding orgies and queer "black masses" and taking movies of the proceedings to boot.

Yes, this item must have been a bit shocking to the whole nation of average readers. But some Hollywood homosexuals whom I number among my acquaintances laughed at it. "Hell," one of them said, "things like that go on here every day."

"How do you guys keep from getting arrested?" I asked him.

"Sometimes we do," he replied. "But as long as we keep quiet and don't disturb the peace, the heat leaves us alone. They figure they're better off if they know where we are and what we're doing than they would be by scaring us into spreading all over town."

"As for the movie bit, that's not too likely here. For one thing, not many of us would take the risk of selling obscene films. We like our freedom. And for another, you have to have a market. As long as the gay spots remain open and we have free access to one another, we don't have to get our kicks from films."

I don't know anywhere else where you can get such a frank statement from a member of such a detested group.

A member of the Los Angeles Police Department's Vice Squad estimated that there are 165,000 homosexuals in the Hollywood area alone, a quarter of a million in the five counties of Southern California.

Moreover, the Hollywood area is host to between 50 and sixty taverns and lounges which cater exclusively to homosexual trade. Unlike the residences, these are spread all over Hollywood. Like everyone else in Southern California, homosexuals have cars and can travel easily to their favorite spots.

Nevertheless, they do tend to **cruise** in an area roughly a mile long and two blocks wide . . . that is, along the north and south sides of Hollywood Boulevard and one block in each direction. **Cruising** is the process of meeting one another by apparent chance and of recruiting new **quail** from among borderline "normal" boys who wander into the area, again, seemingly by chance. CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



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FAGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

It has been said that if you stand on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Las Palmas Avenue any time after six in the evening, you need a program to tell the fags from the ordinary people. And habits like myself feel a certain encloement the moment they enter the area, as if they were lost in a foreign neighborhood and would not be understood by speaking their native English.

Certainly, if you stand there for more than a few minutes you're going to witness at least one pickup. If you follow a good looking fellow down the street you're going to notice at least half of the passersby turn and stare at him longingly.

From the corner in question it is possible to reach six fag cocktail lounges by walking anywhere from ten to 200 paces. The concentration of overt homosexuals is so great here that the pansies act as if nobody is watching. Actually, it is a fairly heavily trafficked commercial area when the stores are open, but the bargain hunting browsers don't seem to worry them.

A mere two diagonal blocks from the corner is Hollywood High School, a city institution housing about 3,000 day students aged 14-18. A number of Hollywood fags admit they hang around just to watch the boys leaving school. They also claim it is their best source of *quail*.

The pansies' nights to roar, however, are Friday and Saturday. On these nights the more *hip* of the regional teenagers converge on Hollywood Boulevard to do nothing more than drive their cars (or parents' cars) back and forth the mile between Vine Street and La Brea Avenue, thus crossing fag territory.

While most of these are merely there to congregate, a goodly number are the homosexuals of tomorrow, waiting only to be picked up and *turned on*, though probably not realizing it at the time.

Turning a trick with a new *quail* is a thrilling but dangerous experience for a confirmed homosexual. If caught at it, he can be sent up for contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and new *quail* are almost always minors. Short of arrest, any fag on the boulev-

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ward can tell stories of homosexuals who developed love trysts with young boys, only to get their heads bashed in by irate fathers.

One of the fallacies you destroy fast in Fagville is that you can tell a queer from anyone else. Certainly, the tight pants and generally outlandish dress betrays some, but only some. More than half look completely conventional, probably in order to hold jobs. Moreover, one fag does not automatically recognize another without the use of current "in" signs. Some time ago the wearing of a jade ring on the left pinky was the sign, but doubtless it has changed by now.

Ultimately, of course, you're going to get picked up yourself if you stick around long enough. To most men this is a frightening and/or sickening experience. A frequent reaction is a punch in the nose, and any fag gathering place will contain some bruised members of the brotherhood as a result of this.

But if you're adventurous enough to play along, you can learn a lot about the seamy side of life. No one will force you to do anything you don't want to do.

Once on the inside you soon learn that homosexuals are not half so loathesome as they are pathetic. A good many of them turned out that way because of an insurmountable fear of sex rather than an actual attraction to the male body. That developed later, after they were *turned on*.

I've never known a pansy who wasn't terribly neurotic, and I've known many who were psychotic. I've never known one who didn't drink, and I've known many who were complete luses. They are about ten times more likely to commit suicide than sexually normal people, five times as likely to contract venereal disease and have a general life expectancy about ten years less.

The gay life isn't really very gay. It is rather bleak, in fact. The wild parties and orgiastic behavior are only a coverup for a future that spells zero and a mind shattering loneliness that only they can understand.

There is only one loathesome thing about homosexuals: they recruit. Because misery loves company they risk arrest or injury or death to add one member to the ranks. And for this reason alone they should wear a mark on their brows.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

heavy braking. Cursing at the interruption Carlos hauled Benny away from the girl and pushed his across to the door.

"Get rid of him . . . get rid of him!"

Fighting the ropes at his wrists Steve saw Carlos bending over him holding a dirty piece of rag. As the gag tightened around his mouth the Mexican grinned coldly.

"Don't make a sound, senor . . . or the girl will . . ."

Stiffening as he recognized Luigi's voice outside Carlos swung around anxiously. The millionaire racing-driver strode into the hut pulling off his dust-grimed goggles and throwing his helmet over in the corner.

Where are they?"

"Benny says you've got them okay.

Using his fat hulk Carlos prevented Luigi from seeing right inside the lust shamed shack.

"Si, senor," he explained quickly, "the plan was carried out as arranged. You will win now."

"Good! I'll just check on the girl. I don't want her getting scared."

Carlos' perspiring face spread in an anxious grin as he blocked the doorway.

"She is okay, senor. I have looked after her personally. She is asleep."

Pushing him aside roughly Luigi stepped inside. Suddenly his face twisted in physical pain as he saw the sprawling nakedness of the woman. Spinning around his fist smashed into Carlos' mouth and the Mexican staggered back against the wall with a snarl of rage. Both men grabbed for the rifle - but Luigi was quicker!

Carlos' face vanished in a splatter of blood as the millionaire pulled the trigger.

Squatting down beside the girl Luigi snatched at the ropes which bound her wrists. Looking up at him she shuddered violently and rolled sideways with a sob.

Luigi could not see her in the shadows and he got up in a horrified daze. Staggering across the hut searching for her he felt his foot touch something on the floor. Looking down he saw the faceless corpse of Carlos staring up at him like a leering red mask. He fell against the wall and was sick.

Dragging himself across to Sonia, Steve pushed his bound wrists towards her. He could feel her fingers trembling as she tore at the knotted

cords. A searing pain hammered in his hands as the blood surged into his numbed veins. Biting back the pain he ripped away the gag and ripped the cords from his ankles.

Luigi gasped as the door kicked open!

Staring around stupidly, Benny's slow-thinking brain absorbed the scene item by item until his eyes rested on Carlos. Dazed with shock Luigi made no attempt to protect himself as Benny cocked the hammer of the revolver.

Clutching his stomach Luigi folded to the floor like a hinged puppet as the bandit emptied the magazine into the victim's shattered body.



Hidden behind the cases Steve picked up a heavy wrench and waited. As the gun clicked empty he leapt across the hut. Using every ounce of strength he smashed the heavy wrench down. Pitching forward on his face Benny crashed to the floor in a senseless heap!

Steve wiped a hand across his eyes with a shudder and turned back to the girl. Leaning on the door-post he felt suddenly drained of energy. Licking his dry lips he shouted to Sonia.

• "Are you okay?"

She was climbing back into her racing suit, her face pale and drawn as she zipped it closed with trembling fingers. He could see a new and unfamiliar look of determination glinting like cold steel in her blue eyes. Forcing her lips into a smile she gripped his arm.

"Hurry up, Steve," she said quietly "We've still got to win the race if we're going to have that honeymoon in Rio."

— THE END —

BALLOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

and she looked, not *at* something, *like* something — a million in hundreds or a new Mercedes. Looks she wasn't stingy with. Voice she saved for singing.

"We're gonna try to keep the band swingin'," I told her.

"We tried to decide on a leader," Frankie said. "It was a tie between me and Pete. You got the deciding vote."

She cast a long lashed look at each of us in turn and pursed her lips thoughtfully. Frankie was sitting on the edge of his chair. My stomach was jumping. Laura frowned and nodded no. I felt like twisting her neck.

"What do you mean, no?" Frankie gasped.

"Talk," Laura said. Sometimes that clam act got like it grabbed me. It did then.

"So we'll talk," I said, showing her my teeth.

"What do you want to talk about?" Frankie asked.

"You," she said, soft and breathy. "You," she repeated, looking at me.

"I'm just a clean cut American boy type trumpet player," I said, keeping it light so that I wouldn't lose it and kill her on the spot.

"Alone," Laura said. She pointed at Frankie. "You."

"Take a walk," Frankie said, smiling at me.

"How long is this talk gonna take?" I asked.

"Hour," Laura said.

I cut out. I walked. It was more exercise than I had had in years. The hands on my watch were stuck. I didn't like the popularity contest idea even less. The more I walked the more I was ready to stage a program. I could do it. I could go to the band and say, boys, if it isn't me I'll tear this group apart. I went back to the apartment. I couldn't do that to Frankie.

Frankie had cut out. I started looking for Laura and she wasn't in the living room or the kitchen. I tried the bedroom and she wasn't there at first, but she came from the bath in something fluffy. My breath stopped. If I'd been on the stand with a horn I couldn't have blown a sick blatt.

"What the hell?" I said, knowing that I was seeing a lot of woman but not knowing why.

She held out her hands to me. There was a little Mona Lisa on her

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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BALLOT



lips. I went. She was soft and warm and her lips were alive, like when she was singing. Her tongue was like a high horn, cutting through the roar of the band in my head with notes of fire.

"What the hell is this," I said, trying to be sarcastic, but getting out only a croak, "an audition?"

"Mmmmm," she purred. She started to sing to me. You've heard the song, but you haven't heard the words she used. I didn't care about the band. I didn't care about anything.

The fluffy thing cut out somewhere and it was like sitting in with Bix and Diz at the Bird and being able to cut them. Her body burned me. She was singing in my ear, soft and breathy. Off in the distance I could hear the high note I've always tried to get and never have. There was a rhythm section in her going boom, boom, boom with a pulsing beat. The whole band hit a chord in a major key and I came out of the haze sitting on the couch waiting for Frankie to come back.

Laura made the scene in a pair of pipe stem slacks. I crossed my fingers. I wanted that band and now, more than ever, I wanted the leader's stick and what went with it. Frankie made it and we looked at each other. Laura was like a fresh bath and a six hour session in a beauty parlor.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore. "Blow, man," I told her. "Make your mark."

She shook her head, a frown gathering those wonderful lips, a look of indecision clouding her deep eyes.

"Haven't you decided?" Frankie asked.

She shook her head again.

"You got to, now," I said. "You got to do it now."

"All right." She flowed to a table and wrote. She handed each of us a slip of paper. She had a look of doubt,

perhaps even fear, on her face.

I couldn't open my piece of folded paper. I held it, cursing myself for getting into such a position when I could have taken the band without all this jazz. Frankie looked at his and I looked at mine and there on the paper was the word, Frankie. I felt my heart sink and I started to yell. I'd auditioned for a helluva lot of jobs, but never like this. I didn't have the experience. I'd spent too much time with my horn.

Before I got the yell out I looked at the paper again just to be sure and there inside a fold under the name, Frankie, was the name, Pete.

None of us spoke a word. I felt like I had to go out and think about it. Frankie beat me to the door and we walked out to the street. All of a sudden Frankie was laughing, wild. I hadn't thought about it as being funny, yet.

"Hey, man," Frankie gasped. "Two leader's paychecks."

"Yeah," I said.

"Like Sauter-Finnegan," Frankie said.

"Almost." I was thinking about something other than the band.

"You can run in those new things you've written," Frankie said. "We'll split the leader's duties."

"We'll have to put it to the boys," I said, still not thinking about the band.

On the way back to the hotel I remembered how I had felt when I thought that Frankie was the only choice. I remembered that soft voice in my ear and that high note off in the distance.

The boys liked the idea of having co-leaders for the band. Shelton Orley tried to pump both of our hands at once and yell "wild" at the same time. Frankie and I went to our room.

"What about it, man?" Frankie asked.

It was the downbeat. It was either cut it, or cut out. "I guess," I said, not knowing what I was going to say until it came out, "that it's better to play in a trio than not at all."

"Yeah," Frankie said thoughtfully. "That's what I thought when I opened that paper and saw your name." She had used the same psychology on both of us. She was a lot of woman.

"You got a coin?" I asked.

"Why, man?"

"One of us got to stay in the hotel tonight."

He called it and I won.

JAPAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

tion against visiting them, and even natives of breeding look upon them with fear.

One never knows, here, whether the *sake* will contain knockout drops. Pickpockets roam the area in protected territories, payments being made to corrupt policemen. Prostitutes lean out of small bars and grab their customers, insistent and persistent. Upstairs, above the bar, in a quasi-legal establishment, sex really comes into its own.

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Some GIs still wander into these areas and do not necessarily come to harm. The lowly among the Japanese feel a kind of mutual respect for the lowly among the Security Forces.

But that old GI horror, venereal disease, is still to be encountered and feared. There seem to be at least a dozen varieties, and some are so strong that anti-biotics do not cure them.

The Shinjuku area was so bad at one time that when a new highway was built through it, a 12-foot fence was built so the amusement area could not be seen from the road. In this case, it was specifically done because the then young crown prince Akihito passed that way in his limousine each morning on his way to school, and it was thought best not to let the young prince see the brothels and bars. But all police were concerned with was hiding it from the prince, not destroying it.

Despite the high incidence of what we Americans might call perversion or a morbid sensitivity to sex, the Japanese seem to have a low incidence of neurosis and live happily just living. The government's point of view seems to be to legalize everything and keep it under control rather than prohibit anything. The result is that everybody has a good time... the visiting American, the wealthy Japanese merchant, the lowly citizen and GI.

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She doesn't know why she does it, and often she is sorry afterwards . . . just as there are plenty of sorry people leaving Las Vegas every day, wondering why they let themselves get in so deep.

She feels like a pawn in the hands of a man. He can do what he wishes with her, and she loves it. And when he leaves, she balls like a baby. Her sorrow lasts about a week or two, then she's all set once again to try her luck in love.

You'd think a girl with her looks would be lucky in love. But looks don't always tell the story. She may have a luscious pair of legs encased in sheer black nylon, but they only draw more men than she needs, and some of them are, naturally, scoundrels.

Unfortunately, she usually is attracted to the cads, the blackguards, the rats.

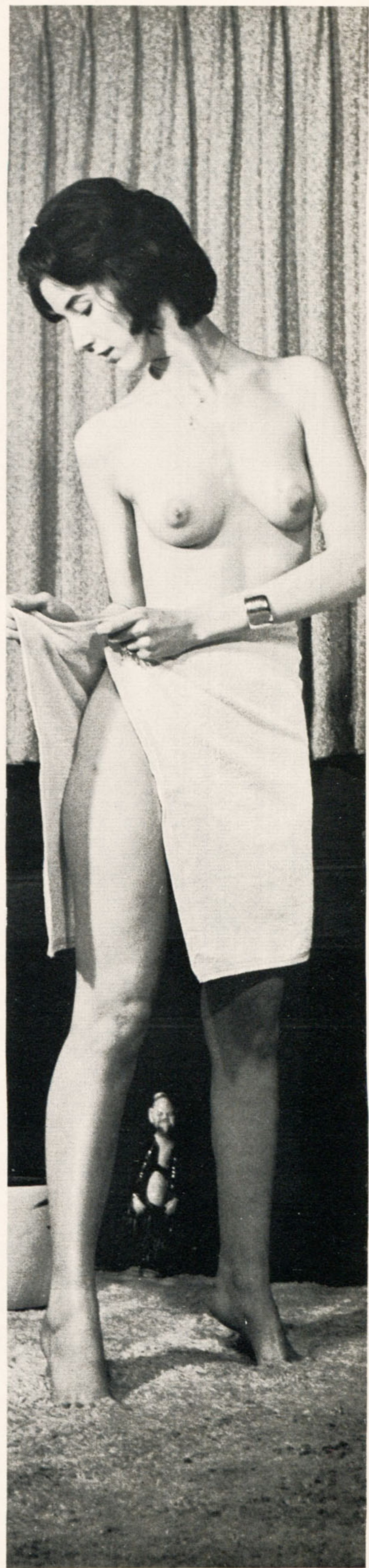
Some day she's going to go to a psychiatrist and find out why. But until then, she's a gambler with her heart.





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SOME LIKE ME DARK

Yesterday I was a blonde. Last week I was a brunette. Today my hair is black. To see my real hair color you'd have to get a lot closer to me than my head.

I think I must be Lady Clairol's best customer, because I sometimes change the color of my hair for a single date. I figure I should do all I can to make a fellow like me, and if he has a preference in hair color I'll change for him.







If he likes me dark, I'll be dark. If he likes me blonde, I'll be blonde. I figure it's so little trouble to change the color of my hair, what with all the modern lotions and all that I might as well try to please.

My boyfriends tell me I'm pretty rare in these days of career girls and independent femmes. I go out of my way for a guy, but few other girls ever do.

Most girls are so stuck up they think a fellow has to take them as they are. And since most fellows hardly ever find the other kind, these nose-in-the-air chicks have the field almost monopolized.

But I'm the other kind, and I'm ready to give the rest of the heap all the competition they can stand. If you're one of those unlucky guys who's stuck with a stuck-up girl, come to me and I'll take care of you.



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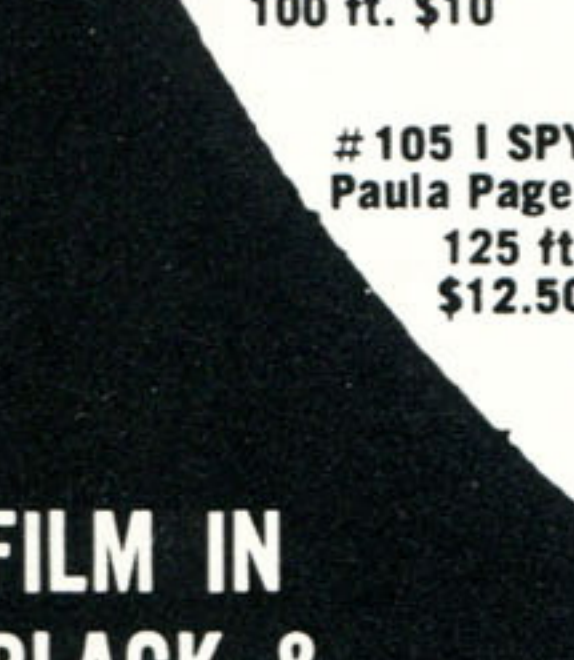
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